

IN DEFENCE
OF READING
AT MEALS

By Alexander Ross

Before I begin my defence allow me to state that, in agreement with the worshippers of Etiquette, I believe that reading at meals in the presence of others is the worst of bad manners. When I say reading at meals I mean reading when eating alone, either at home or in the spiritual solitude of a restaurant.

Down through the centuries the art and the practice of reading at meals has been attacked by the medical fraternity, the Women's Clubs of America, and the Restaurant Proprietors' Association. The worthy men of medicine turn grey at the mention of this art and at the thought of the malnutrition, spinal curvature and dyspepsia which they allege it causes. The Women's Clubs bewail the undermining of national institutions, and the restaurant owners foam at the mouth at the thought of its space-wasting properties. In spite of their salvos of invective it continues and increases.

At this point the enquiring layman will want to know what great attraction reading at meals holds for its devotees. It is not, cynics to the contrary, that modern cooking necessitates an extraneous influence to take one's mind off his food. No! I repeat, No! It is simply that the reader-at-meals is a prophet of the golden age in which knowledge will be paramount and eating a mere action, not a ritual as it is today.

Although reading at meals is a great cultural process, it is, like all arts, difficult to master. It requires a suppleness of neck and a dexterity of wrist that are denied to most people. Facility in this art means a long apprenticeship in crowded restaurants, and the development of the power of concentration to the point where an egg-stain on a new vest does not interrupt the golden flow of thought.

The benefits derived from reading at meals are neither slight nor obvious. It has been proved that a two years' course in reading at meals is equal in educational value to seven correspondence courses or three years in college.

Did you ever hear the story of the meek insurance clerk who reached for the tobacco instead of the ketchup? No! Well, he was reading at the time; and he was so filled with fiery courage that he asked for a raise—and got it.

Again, I have a friend who swears his devotion to the art. It appears that he was reading and supping in a waterfront restaurant, when an inept Swede hurled a bottle through a window. The book, which was entitled "Physics and Metaphysics: Their Effect on the Nordic Myth," deflected the missile and probably saved my friend's life. Another example of the benefits to be gained from reading at meals!

Now that I have won you over to the great army of readers-at-meals, I ask you to practise this assiduously. You can lose nothing by it; you may profit greatly. (Alas! the sordid materialism of this world). And now that you are about to embark upon this cultural and gastronomic adventure, verily I say unto you: "More power to your elbow and twice as much to your knife and fork!"

You certainly will need it.

"Our Lady of Snows"

Garbed in a robe of pristine purity
Our virgin queen of winter holds her court
Upon the mountain. In security
She rules her steadfast subjects—lords of sport.
And wholesome damsels, all supremely neath her sway
Nor brooks a rival monarch in her regal way.

The stark autumnal landscape at her touch
Is garmented in beauteous folds of white,
The bear brown sod is clothed in raiment such
As outwails its summer verdure bright.
Tall pines and larches bow in abject deference
Paying peculiar tribute in their reverence.

Hour after hour the sportive children play
In many a gay melee on her soft breast.
Their keenly-practised prowess they display
In contests manifold, despising rest.
Above the distant clangor of the city's noise
Rises the lusty chorus of her girls and boys.

At night her graying silhouette appears
Athwart the sombre blackness of the sky.
Upon her head a diadem appears
Dazzlingly splendid in its brilliancy.
The cross—a living symbol of salvation glows
To beautify her brow—Our Lady of the Snows!

—Gordon LeClaire.

Chow Dog

By Jerome F. Zobel

The big mystery began when the Captain went into an incomprehensible rage. Now with the ordinary run of skippers a bit of distemper, real or assumed, is the rule rather than the exception but Captain McMaster was ordinarily the most mild mannered and genial of men and we of the Officers' Mess who had sailed together with him for over two years, were unable to account for his sudden change of disposition. Our ship, pride of the Asiatic and Oriental Company's fleet of freighters, was a well found vessel, the Mate and Chief Engineer reported everything snug on deck and below, and there was fair weather ahead—what more could the Old Man want?

The Second Engineer suggested that perhaps the Captain had just finished the perusal of a letter he had received in Shanghai from Mrs. McMaster. At the mention of the Skipper's wife we all shuddered—there was a woman. She ruled her husband with an iron hand and her every word was the law to him. Though the Captain had been going to sea so, these many years, she had never ceased relating in great detail to him and any of the rest of us she could catch her opinion of men who went to sea leaving their womenfolk unprotected. To a man we pitied the person who ever called upon her to protect herself, she being somewhat amazonian in type. Much different was the daughter Helen, a sweet little girl of 16, but, it seems, Helen was supposed to have been a boy by mutual agreement of both parties concerned. The Captain wanted a boy so that he could take him to sea but Mrs. McMaster had in mind only the picture of a man in the family to stay at home and civo her the sense of protection for which she needlessly yearned.

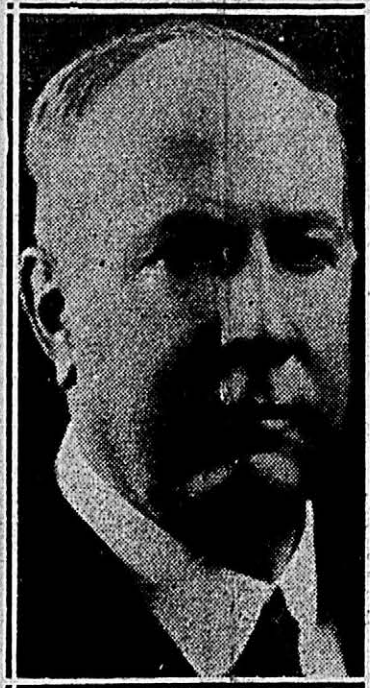
Now, every trip the Skipper brought Helen some little present from the Orient but this time she had been particularly insistent that he bring her a Chow dog, a gift he previously had always refused to give her. Much to his surprise Mrs. McMaster had said, "Bring us a Chow, John and be sure you get a good one. He'll be some protection around the house." That settled it.

Two months later when we were anchored off the Customs jetty at Shanghai taking aboard the last of our cargo the Captain appeared at lunch in his shore clothes and informed us that he was going ashore to purchase the dog. The Chief Engineer, with Mrs. McMaster's mind, offered to go along and help in the selection. I think the implication in the proposal riled the Skipper. "I thank you, Mister," said he, "but I have made an extensive study of Chow dogs and feel quite capable of handling the matter myself. And all the rest of you gentlemen may put your minds at ease for I know what I'm doing and Mrs. McMaster shall have just such a dog as she desires."

"Seems mighty cocksure of himself," the Chief muttered after the Skipper left, "and I hope he knows his dogs 'cause t'will go mighty hard with him if he errs—he'll not be able to show his face to the Missus, or to us either. Them dogs die quick at sea unless they're just the right kind."

The Captain returned that evening followed up the companionway by two coolies carrying the dog in a box cage. Shortly thereafter we got underway for home.

The next morning we had the first good look at our new shipmate. Without a doubt he was the most ferocious appearing canine I had ever had the displeasure to gaze upon. He was about the size of an alfreale, with two short pointed ears sticking up aggressively above an abbreviated nose and two black, beady eyes. He was covered with black, bristly hair which was longer around his neck than on the rest of his body, giving the impression of a spiked collar. The muscles of his body and legs seemed continually taut as if he was about to spring, and the purple tongue projecting from his mouth did not help his appearance a bit. Though none of us knew for

A Christmas
Message From
The Principal

At this season of good will, it is my pleasant privilege to extend to the students and members of the University, through the medium of the DAILY, my best and warmest wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. It is the old, old wish, forever new, the wish that yearly binds the world in bonds of affection and mutual respect and kindly memory. It means that now the world turns again in hope and faith to the spirit of Him to the remembrance of whose life and work the sacred day is dedicated.

A. W. CURRIE

Actors All!

That world-famous French thespian, Sacha Guitry, has more than once proudly averred that the vocation of the actor is undoubtedly the greatest calling in the world. Few of us, I wager, would be prepared to accept unchallengeably the veracity of that sweeping dictum. Nevertheless, we all, though following the more prosaic and less colourful careers, have, during some phase of our existence felt our pulses quicken with a thrill of the incomparable glamour which has glorified the best traditions of the theatre from the days of the immortal Siddons and elevated the once-despised theatrical art to its present position of enviable pre-eminence.

Which of us, at one time or another, has not succumbed to the haunting odour of the greasepaint and the fascinating lure of the footlights? Which of us, while under the mesmerizing spell of the resonant voice and magnetic personality of a Barrymore or the potent charm and matchless artistry of a Cowi, has escaped the persistent urge to endeavour to emulate their art and away the emotion of masses with a single poignant intonation or opportune gesture? Which of us has not known the hour when the memory of the ever-growing fame of a Drew or Booth, or the imperishable glory of a Duse or Bernhardt, has inspired his amateur efforts with a genuine illumination however momentary of the spark divine?

The simple utterance of Jacques. (Continued on Page Six)

knocked at my door. 'Twas midnight. "Come with me," he quoth. "What art thou?" I replied, "what dost thou want with me?" "Thou," he grinned, and threw an oily arm about my neck. "Vainly I struggled, that stenching brute had twice my force. Bound all too tightly

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They Still Pan Gold

By Ewart P. Reid

Although as usual he had left the house much sooner than was necessary to catch his train, he hurried along the road to the crossing where he always climbed the fence into the demonstration hay field of the government farm. When he had moved the hundred yards or so along the fence to the point opposite the station, where he would catch the train with the least trouble, there was still a wait of twenty minutes or so. Strange that he should never get used to this business; always coming early and then having to go through the ordeal of nervously killing time with nothing particular to do for as much as half an hour.

There didn't seem much use in trying to control his train of thought. This night it was drifting into a familiar channel as he recollected the contrast between his present life and that of the previous few years, or indeed of his whole past experience. When he had started his three-year sojourn at Varsity in the mining course it had seemed that there was no limit to the opportunities for graduates, either within the province or farther afield. The summers had been a cinch even for inexperienced students. A season at Britannia, and then for variety a move up to the Sloean Sister Sue in the Interior, a small but prosperous mine at the then current metal prices. Merely by way of precaution he had assured himself that he could return to the Sloean the third summer, but he took a change more or less for granted. He got the change all right; there were apparently no mining jobs for students anywhere; not more than one in five of the boys in all years got anything at all in their line, and wages were down in all cases.

And then there was his fool marriage. No, it wasn't a fool marriage, even if the wedding was tough. Love couldn't be sniffed at like that and put altogether on a basis of good or bad times. Jane was living with her parents, and there wasn't much they could do about his being there week-ends. Friday was always a great day, but Sunday—this was Sunday. You'd think a fellow could get used to Sunday, even if he did say good-bye to his woman for five days every time Sunday evening came around. There was no denying that there was some relief in escaping the silent look that her old man seemed always to be directing at him when he was there; and he really did like the life up country, where there was no trouble keeping his hands and body busy even if his errand mind was still a little active. But that bood-by. Luckily it wasn't very long until his memories faded and were replaced by anticipations of the homecoming.

Well, there she whistled for the crossing, and now she was slowing down for the station. He resisted the temptation to climb through the fence too soon; not until she had stopped. He had never yet had any trouble in making her, but he knew all the time that caution was the word. However unconventional he may seem, a fellow has to ensure a regular life for himself and therefore for the wife when he is married, and missing a trip would be bad enough, but a 30-day stretch in jail would be kind of disconcerting.

Presently he had a grip on the handle of the locomotive tender, ready to hop her as soon as the hogger eased in the throttle, but able to keep a weather eye in both directions in the meantime. "C'mon right up," said a voice from up top. Thank God he was even tempered; he was able to pity the poor beggar for his ignorance instead of being mad at the fellow for making a fuss. Luckily she started to move and he was able to swing on without breaking his own rules and without seeming to ignore the voice. Once up on the tender he eased one strap of his small pack off his shoulders and leaned back against the coal bin watching the steam fade

A priest of the seventh order, accompanied by others of less exalted rank advances to make the sacrifice while the assembled congregation chants hymns of praise. A bull, suspended on a scaffold is slain by the priest and in the trickling blood is seen rejuvenation for mankind.

It is December the twenty-fifth, Christmas day, the day devoted to the worship of the Infant Christ. The time is the twentieth century.

A vast and gloomy building has been constructed for the worshippers. The darkness is relieved by hundreds of lights and the feeble light of the sun serves only to outline the figures of gods and priests on the stained glass window. An altar faces the worshippers.

A high priest, accompanied by others of less exalted divinity repeats the story of the self sacrifice of the Son of God and the entire congregation feasts on wine and biscuits. The symbols of the blood and flesh of the all-embracing sacrifice.

December the twenty-fifth, two thousand years hence. The picture is dimmer.

A machine seems to dominate all, a vast machine housed in a thin-walled building. It fills almost the entire space and seems to vanish in the shadows near the ceiling.

The machine is still. The great wheels are motionless, the giant cranks are rusted. Around it surges the great mass of rudely clad worshippers.

The sacrificial victim is brought forward and amidst the chanting of the people is lashed to the largest wheel—a great gear-wheel. The combined efforts of the priests turn the wheel on its rusty axle and the victim with a sudden shriek vanishes in a mass of flesh between two wheels. Once more the gods are appeased. The earth will live.

PEACE AND
GOODWILL

By R. I. C. P.

"The World is too much with us" one poet proclaimed some years ago. Today, more than ever before, the strange truth of this warning has forced itself upon a generation burdened with cares the very magnitude of which makes it shudder to recall. We have become too materialistic; the great machine which Man has been building and operating for hundreds of years is no longer regulated to keep time with the Master Clock, the Purpose of the Ruler of the Universe.

Peace and Goodwill toward men, the very far corner-stones of the foundation upon which were to be erected the new civilization inspired by the coming of Christ have been crumbling away, threatening the whole superstructure. It totters, but it will not fall if we act in time. The rock in the foundation is solid; it will last forever; but the mortar cementing the stones needs strengthening. We have worshipped Peace and Goodwill from afar off; henceforth we must seek to make them a reality the world over.

In the final analysis, War and International Suspicion and Jealousy have usurped the rightful place of Peace and Goodwill and deprived us of lasting prosperity. The first Christmas was nearly two thousand years ago and still we have not learned that Might is not Right and that Christ's Way of Life alone will ensure us that peace which the world alone cannot give. And with Peace and Goodwill, we live. We must adjust our machine so that it synchronizes with the Master Clock before it is too late.

out of sight along the first baggage car.

The kid seemed to have thought better of his forwardness, and was now waiting for the never passenger to say something. Out of the corner of his eye the latter looked at the kid and decided that since he didn't seem to know what it was all about nor on the other hand display any particular nervousness or realization of what he was doing, that therefore he was probably a beginner. "How far you going," that was a safe and conventional opening, but the kid probably wouldn't have taken offence if he had been more specifically curious.

"Well, I'd like to get at least to Pentleton, but I've got to get through to Nelson sometime, pretty soon," answered the kid. He seemed a bit hesitant, but probably he was afraid to mention points so far up country because he thought the average mind on the tender would give him the lie. Yet the questioner was still sure that the kid hadn't made very many miles as he was now travelling. No other hurting his feelings, anyway, the other tack before commencing to advising on the trip to Pentleton.

"You know, I've been travelling up and down the line on this train for on the tender for the last four or five months. And it's very seldom that the fellows on back here can talk English, at least two out of every three hardly know a word."

The kid just said "Is that so?"

answer to the main statement, but he asked about the rest of it. "How far up do you go? Let's see, are you

(Continued on Page Three)

"Economy"

My bank is nearly empty,
O my Purse, my Purse!
We should perhaps be sad.
For seldom now your hungry mouth I fill
With shining quarters, or a crackling bill
Like those I one time had;
No longer do we run to catch the bus
At ten to nine,
And miss it—and get mad;
Nor on the evening street car must we dread
The careless elbows of the tired crowd,
The raucous, "En avant! Poosh up ahead!"
The stuffy air . . . —
We walk instead.

You think we should be mournful,
O my Purse, my Purse?
Lest someone smile who sees
How bravely now you bulge your well worn side.
Yet know as well as I that all you hide
Are seven locker keys,
A bobby pin, one rubber band, two stamps,
A Chinese coin?
And yet, why scoff at these?
Just think how we can laugh when we have sped,
And passed the rows of buses in the jam
At five to nine. The others pay, and dread
To get there late.
We walk instead.

The Daily
Wishes Its Readers
A Merry Christmas
and a Successful New Year

McGill Daily

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Margaret Patterson, Betty Lysons, Elma Per-rigard, Helen Brown, Mark Goldenberg, Bob Doug-las, Arthur Bloomfield, Leo Kirchberg, Kay Mac-Kenzie, Alec Piotrowsky.

Montreal, Friday, December 18, 1931.

Christmas And The Depression

In the days that preceded the War and before everyone was considered un-educated if they were ignorant of the fact that it would be a very, oh such a very short time before the whole system of our present civilization collapsed with an audible crash, Christmas was celebrated with due pomp and ceremony. It used to snow in the approved, if somewhat idealistic fashion, immortalized by the writers of Christmas cards; but now, state the pessimists, it will not even snow, and the bug-bear of a "green Christmas" is added to our numerous worries. However, though the world is undoubtedly teetering on the brink of its prophesied downfall, strangely enough, as Mr. Graves has deplorably said, "It still goes on," and International Banking and the other things which we have come to regard as the perquisites of Civilization and a Snowy Christmas, show signs of waiting until after the New Year to fade away with Nineveh and Tyre.

Let us then give up this fine talk about the Gold Standard, (of whose existence we heard the other day in our excellent press) and all the rest of it, and remember the folly of Nero, and his inopportune fiddling; let us curb this eternal humour and become witty, humanly witty; and if we can't have anything but a green Christmas, let us use wool instead of snow, or, with less trouble, let us do without it. It is still Christmas, despite the Gregorian calendar, leap years, and the Depression.

To turn again to the Romans, who had at least enough good sense to realize when they had reached a dead-end, (and since nothing that we can do but a cancellation of debts, or a reorganization of Finance or some such step will avert the catastrophe; since you or I, indulgent reader, cannot cancel the Debts, and have not taken a postal course in Banking, we may consider ourselves at a dead-end) let us follow the example of the Romans, whom we are so often exhorted to follow, and leave wise men to think, while we, poor naturals, open our veins, as it were, in a bath of recklessness. Let there be music and dancing, when we do this, and let our chief care be the Snow.

If we are to perish, let us perish in a burst of folly; let us have torches and drums, and go out like a rocket, and so — A Merry Christmas!

CORRESPONDENCE

Criticism Of A Criticism

To the Editor,
McGill Daily,
Dear Sir,

Every one at McGill has a certain sympathy with the "Daily", we realize that it is run by inexperienced students who honestly do their best, and we merely smile at its constant misprints. But there is a limit to our endurance. This was reached in Monday's criticism of the two concerts given on Sunday.

A university is supposedly a place where mental activity is encouraged outside the lecture room, and where the best modern intellectual tendencies are sure of support, not because they are modern but because they are good.

Now the concert on Sunday evening was very good indeed. The Bax sonata, was outstanding, yet your reporter dismisses it as the "least interesting, being little more than a series of unusual chords," and later says "Bax's sonatina was much better, containing more musical interest" etc. (Shades of Honegger!). Out of his own mouth he is condemned. For obviously these criticisms are mainly due to his ignorance of modern music. The sonata contained melodies repeated often enough to permeate the most untrained mind; in fact, compared with other of Bax's works it was unusually melodious. The Ravel while very fine was much lighter both in subject and treatment than its predecessor. As for the Scriabine, the critic seems to have run out of derogatory adjectives by this time. I have not.

In regard to the Symphony concert, I think the majority of the audience realized that the programme was chosen on account of its wide popular appeal, to increase box office receipts. (Continued on Page Four)

Raspberries And Cream

Dramatis Personae

Some weeks ago I compiled a list of plays suitable for the Players Club. I felt at the time that the list was far from complete, and far too indefinite. This is offered as a sequel, and I have endeavored to correct the indefiniteness of the original list by including not only the name of the play but the name of the person or persons, around college who would best fill the leading role.

Sir Arthur Currie "The Lord of the Harvest"
Mrs. Vaughan "The Beloved Shepherdess"
Bill Gentlemen "The Father"
Alec Edmison "Remote Control"
D'Arcy Doherty "Interference"
Edmund Collard "Man and Superman"
Harry Merseaux "The Water Babies"
Fred Stone "The Travelling Scholar from Paradise"
Margaret McKay "As You Like It"
George Nichols "The Mask and the Face"
The Players' Club "The Royal Family of Broadway"
Phil. Mathams "The Little Minister"
Farmer-Crutchfield-McGill "Three Live Ghosts"
Jacqueline Sprinkle "Solid South"
The Freshman "The Green Pastures"
The Sophomore "Much Ado About Nothing"
The Junior "Ten Nights in a Barroom"
The Senior "Outward Bound"
The Graduate "He Who Gets Slapped"
The Alumnus "The Adventures of Grandpa"
Ramsbottom Horseley "Up in Mabel's Room"
Bruce Jallett "The Lower Depths"
Dave Lewis "If I Were King"
Bruce Ross "Twinkletoes"
Dick Sancton "The Music Master"
J. S. Smit "The Admirable Crichton"
Finny Fletcher "The Adding Machine"
Winifred Eaves "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl"
Phil Edwards "Fast and Loose"
(Remember those shorts!)

Babs Goulding "Daddy Long Legs"
Bob Bowman "Fidelity Limited"
Med. Student "On The Spot"
Any Fraternity "Petite Influence"
Any Sorority "The School For Scandal"
The Dragon of the "Whispering Gallery"
(Private Lives)

Munroe Bourne "Icebound"
(Place reference only)
Dean Cornell "The Inconstant Lover"
Ernie Crown "The Importance of Being Earnest"
Kenny Dunn "The Art of Being Bored"
Some of our professors "Polite Farcy"
G. L. Goodstone "Art and Mrs. Bottle"
"Shag" Shaughnessy "The Perfect Alibi"
Bobby Bell "The Tallor-Made Man"
Gib Craig "What Every Woman Knows"
R. Levine "The Brat"
Doreen Harvey-Jelle "A Bill of Divorcement"
Max Ford "The Shanghai Gesture"
Censored "The Bachelor Father"
C. C. Clay "Applesauce"
I couldn't find one "The Chaste Lady"
C.O.T.C. "Arms and the Man"
Will Werry "Rolling Around"
Annie Rowley and Priscilla Pierce "The Lion and the Mouse"
Gordon King "Yuletide Revels"
The Dietitian "Dr. Knock"
—The Dietitian.

Transmutations Of An Alchemist

It is the famous legend of Bjdon Jyonsen. The Englanders know it as the Tale of Don Yon, whatever be the name, it is a Legend of the Passion of a Strong Man, a Norseman, hard and cold as the Glaciers in the Fjords.

Bjdon Jyonsen was begotten of Thor and the White North, Daughter of Ice and Snow. In a Hamlet of the Far North he was born, and there until he came to fifteen years of age did he brave the Cold of Winter and enjoy the rugged and scanty Warmth of Summer. And there too, he learned to express his Thoughts; even through the Medium of Fire and Water and Firewater and the Elemental Forces of Nature did he write his Writings and his Poetry.

Wherefore at fifteen he reckoned a Man among Men, wise in the Ways of the Creatures of the Cold North. This was Don Yon, Son of stormy Thor and the white Northland.

It came to pass, when Don Yon was in the Prime of his Manhood, that he travelled to the Great City, there to study, and to prepare himself for the Buffets of the Cold World, which was to lash him with the overwhelming Floods of a mighty Passion. Being unwise in the ways of men, he was induced by a wretched Charlatan to take up the Study of Alchemy, which in those brave old Days was called the Science of the Poisons for Rats. Thereupon, strong and silent, he left the Society of Men, and immured himself as a Neophyte in the Great Temple, never to come forth until he had become a Priest of the Goddess Aqua Regia of Potent Waters. Blessed Be Her Name.

Thus did he mull and toll for four long Years, learning the Prayers and the Incantations and all the cunning Wizardry of those who serve the Goddess. Thus did he learn, and thus and so did he become Past Master of the Black Art, knowing by memory all the Words which may not be uttered in the Presence of Woman, and to those adding four more of his own devising. This was his Noble Achievement in the Temple of Aqua Regia.

At the End of the Fourth Year, being dressed all in Black, as befits the high Priests who know the Magic Incantations and the Secret Decantations, did he sally forth from the Portals, in that Season of the Year when the World rejoices, and the growing things of Earth renew their Life for a space ere they go down to Eternity. And Don Yon knew Happiness for a Space.

For there came to him the Consciousness that he had not known Life in all its Spaciousness. Much he wondered what this Feeling could mean; but could find no Peace for his tortured Mind. So it came to pass that he went to the Altar of the Goddess, and, making the Sacrifices of the Broken

Glass, an saying fervently the Awful Word, he asked enlightenment.

Slow, like the Grinding of Rock on Rock, and with the Thunder of Mighty Wheels came the Answer: "You have forgotten Love."

So the Priest-Don Yon went forth in Search of Love.

Tearing off his priestly clothes, he went to work as a plain day-labourer. All day he slaved in the laboratory, but at night he mused on love and life, and went out to find happiness.

Then he met Chiselle.....

Ah, Chiselle! Light of foot and bright of eye; whose hair, golden as the light of Sol himself, ensnares our willing hearts; whose slight form, dancing ever like the shadow of a leaf in a light breeze runs just ahead, just out of reach!

Will there ever be another Chiselle? You, Chiselle, who sleep today (as indeed every day) remember the great happiness and exquisite pain you brought to the souls of men! Chiselle!

In a moment Don Yon knew he loved Chiselle. But his love was hopeless. He knew that, too, for Chiselle was out of the sphere of common mortals. Quite out of it; she was a perfect parallel-opipedon.....

But our hero said to himself, "I am no common mortal. Thor is my father. My mother, the North. (Or so, at least, 'tis said). Be that as it may, I am a very peculiar mortal, for I have been a priest of Aqua Regia. Therefore will I speak to Chiselle."

He spoke to Chiselle of his great love: In accents wild and burning the words rushed forth like one of his own icy northern glaciers. But like a glacier, too, she was cold and silent.

At length he paused for breath and an answer. She answered. In accents no less wild and burning, and with all the pent-up passion of her youth and womanhood, she answered.....

"Oh yeah?" said Chiselle.

Thus did Don Yon quest and find Love.

Transformed and inspired by the Love of a Great Woman, Don Yon returned to his Poverty-stricken Garret. He donned his Robes, and, seating himself on the wretched Pallet which served him as Table, as Wash-stand, and as Hat-rack, he took Crayon and Wrapping-paper and wrote the famous Treatise on Transmutation, which was acclaimed by the Artists of Kalamazoo in the Land of Michigan, as the Triumph of the pure Soul, or, as they so quaintly put it, the Poor Heel.....

This is the deathless Saga of Bjdon Jyonsen.

H. R.—The Third Alchemist.

BARONY'S GEE 'N HAW

"UPON MY WORD, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS"

Little Barbara was just cutting her first set of teeth.

She was old enough to cut capers, but not quite old enough to cut lectures. She had always been a staunch believer in Santa Claus; in fact as she looked back over the six years of her life she never remembers having caught Father with his beard off. Then one day a naughty, cold wind blew away the deceptive whiskers and the naked truth stood forth in all its hideousness.

She had seen a Santa Claus in Eaton's, Morgan's, Simpson's, and even at school. She had seen one with a pot on every block on St. Catherine Street. It takes money to put some pots where they are, but the pots in question were to take money for charitable purposes. In disgust (the same gust that blew away the beard) Barbara returned home one evening after waiting five hours for a street car in her boy friend's apartment, and quite defiantly said to her Mother: "I don't believe in Santa Claus. I know they all the pillows on their stomachs to make themselves look fat. Well, I asked one to do a jig the other day and he replied that he was afraid of losing too much weight if he exercised too vigorously." Isn't that the weight with all men?

My only excuse for repeating this episode is that the other night I happened to meet Barbara under a table at the Forum Skating Carnival. She is now a full grown woman and old enough to know better. Although she was sitting in a pool of water, her stories didn't cut any ice with me. Quite naturally I asked her, where she had been all my life. This was her cue to ask me if I played Billiards. I replied that in so far as playing billiards went, and as I only HALF do things, my pastime was paying bills. Her only answer came with a sly grin. "Yes, I know what it is to be bilious."

All this was beside the point, so with a jerk I swung the trend of the conversation back to the subject of Santa Claus. She assured me that since that regrettable incident of the wind-blown whiskers when she realised that the giver of toys at Christmas, was only a myth (Christmyth), she would never pin a false beard to her face. Pardon me, what I meant to say was that she would never more pin her faith in a false beard. When I apologized that I found it difficult to follow her line of reason she patiently explained in this manner: "Not even putty will make false whiskers stay put. In fact, beards have fallen off 75% since Gillette patented his blades. So I decided to grow my own. I bought a sample package of a well-known hair restorer and after three days of diligently rubbing the lotion into my chin I was the proud bearer of a portly growth that descended to my waist. To say that I was in a daze would waste your time."

"But," I asked, "Your chin is as hairless as a new born babe's. That beard-story of yours is only a pun."

"Not pun, but bun," she retorted as she reached to the nape of her neck and deftly detached a lengthy switch.

There is a Santa Claus.

Originally he was the Spirit of Giving. But now he is the Spirit of cleverly Passing on last-year's trifles with the expectation of receiving something better in return.

P.S. Good-luck, everybody, with your Christmas gifts.

THEATRE NOTES

From Agent's Advantages

LOEW'S

One of the most entertaining mystery films of the year is "A Dangerous Affair" with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Sally Blane at Loew's all next week starting Sunday.

"A Dangerous Affair" is notable for its laughter. It is the story of a young police reporter in a small quiet town. With the aid of a police lieutenant he steals his girl's necklace as a prank after telling her that the town is filled with criminals. Things really take a serious turn and before the weird, exciting and exulting plot is finished two murder mysteries have been solved.

The vaudeville turns include a "Miniature Pepper Pot Revue"; a skit "Jest Sailors"; the Cadet Sextet, "Monarchs of the Saxophone"; a novelty juggling act and Carita in a "Cycle of Songs."

PALACE

With a cast headed by Lionel Barrymore and Elissa Landi and including Lawrence Olivier, famous on London and Broadway stages, Walter Byron and Rita LaRoy, Raoul Walsh's drama "The Yellow Ticket" is the feature photoplay at the Palace starting tomorrow.

The plot revolves about the battle of wits between a young and sensitive Russian and the insidious head of the Czar's secret police with her romance and her sweetheart's safety at stake.

The revival feature on Monday will be Ramon Novarro in the "Call of the Flesh." Other attractions include a Silly Symphony and News of the World.

CINEMA DE PARIS

"Son Altesse, l'Amour," a charming European production played by Annabella, Roger Treville and Andre Lefaur will be shown here for the first time, starting tomorrow, at the Cinema de Paris.

Annabella, who will be remembered for her excellent work in Rene Clair's "Le Million" plays the part of Annette, a pretty bar-maid having many admirers. Roger Treville is seen as a young, Parisian business man loved by Annette. Others in the cast are Prince, Andre Dubosc, Alerne and Marie Laure, the oldest French actress now alive.

THE CAPITOL

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, celebrated New York stage stars are seen in their first talking picture "The Guardsman," the feature attraction at the Capitol. The second feature is "The Tip Off" with Eddie Quillan, Robert Armstrong and Ginger Rogers.

"The Guardsman" is the diverting tale of an actor, jealous of his wife, who disguises himself as a Russian guardsman and makes love to her, hoping that she will repulse him. The other feature, "The Tip Off" contains all the ingredients for good entertainment. It is the story of a young radio repair man whose ambition is to be a great singer. He falls in love with the sweetheart of an east side hoodlum, and his exploits with the hoodlum's gang make a picture packed with thrills and action.

PRINCESS

The holiday attraction at the Princess next week is a double bill: Douglas Fairbanks in "Around the World in 80 Minutes" and a British picture "77 Park Lane." The former shows Fairbanks in his thrilling adventures during his last tour of the world. "77 Park Lane" is an adaptation by Mitchell Powell of Walter Hackett's celebrated stage success and includes Dennis Neilson Terry, Betty Stockfield and Malcolm Keen.

IMPERIAL

"The Mad Parade" at the Imperial is a thriller in which are combined broad comedy, spectacle and high-power action. The cast includes Evelyn Brent Irene Rich and Louise Fazenda. The second feature, "Reckless Living," a race track film, features Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke and Norman Foster. It is based upon last season's stage hit, "On the Up and Up" and concerns the difficulties of a young married couple whom circumstances force to act as the decoys of a group of race track gamblers.

HIS MAJESTY'S

The world-acclaimed musical hit, "The Student Prince" comes in a whirl of fresh honours to his Majesty's Theatre for a week's engagement beginning Monday night, Dec. 28th.

Such Broadway figures as George Hassell, Allan Prior, Gertrude Lang, Charles Chesney, Lee Beggs and many others will be in the foreground of the present production. For this engagement there will be an orchestra of 25 people together with the famous Student Male Chorus of 45 stirring voices, pronounced by critics to be the best male chorus ever heard in "The Student Prince."

The forthcoming engagement will be at popular prices as a concession to the pocketbooks of these times.

Mischa Levitzki, famous pianist who is coming here for a recital at His Majesty's Theatre Sunday evening, January 3rd, is not at all discouraged about the cause of American music. He believes something will develop.

"It will take a long time," he warns. "It will develop as a new movement in America as the new movement in American Literature and Poetry has developed, slowly, on firm foundations and likely it will come to an apparently sudden fruition. Before a country can produce (Continued on Page Six)

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CONFESSIONS OF A CHISELLER

Selling magazines is probably the nearest approach to what is commonly termed a "racket" that the college student comes during his university career. For two summers I have furthered the nefarious interests of Mr. Hearst in helping to increase the circulation of his equally nefarious magazines, and have come in contact with many mag men, too many. So I think that I am fairly competent to write what is in part a criticism of the mode employed in forcing unwanted literature on the unsuspecting public and in part a recital of things that happened on my last venture which lasted from May to September, 1931.

Two years ago, I tried to persuade housewives living in and around London and Hamilton, Ont. that they needed Good Housekeeping and the Cosmopolitan more than they needed a new hat. But my persuasive powers fell short of their mark, and I returned home with thirty cents in my pocket, my clothes worn out, and an appetite for rye and gin. I was the only college student on the crew of six. Needless to say, the other five men spent all their time in trying to convince women to subscribe to a fund for putting them through the university, instead of telling them of the merits of the goods that they were purveying. The crew manager was a drunken bum who is now in jail for defrauding the International Magazine Company of a goodly sum. In due justice to him I will say that he was only a bum when he was drunk, but that was pretty often.

Last summer prospects for getting a job seemed very slight; and I had to make enough money during the summer months to at least pay for my tuition. A fellow I knew fairly well and with whom I had been associated on the Daily told me that he intended to take up the noble profession of the parvov of Mr. Hearst that summer. So I went down to the office and by hook and crook, and on the basis of my former experience "chiselled" my way into the same crew, on which he was going to work. This crew, consisting of a crew manager (who supervised, allotted territory, sent down reports to head office, etc.) and of five salesmen, was supposed to be the best in Eastern Canada. The crew manager, we will call him Charlie Peanut, because that isn't his real name, although it approaches it closely, had a reputation of being a slave-driver de luxe. His real name was Hubert and he hailed from Brooklyn but he had changed it for business purposes purely, you understand, to one which had a distinctly Gallic tinge. But nobody could mistake him for a Frenchman. Clay and I were the only university men on the crew; although the whole lot represented themselves loudly as McGill men.

Our destination was Sydney, Cape Breton, a city of 30,000, and we left on the night of May 12, arriving in Sydney via U.S. in three days. We had passed through the astounding beauties of the Vermont mountain scenery, by St. Andrews and the New Brunswick prettiness, and over the Strait of Canso, grim and menacing in a downpour of rain. So Sydney was somewhat of a shock to our artistic sensibilities, when we first saw it. "How in hell are we ever going to sell magazines in this hole?" was our first question.

Sydney, as you may or may not know is the seat of the Besco Steel plant. And so, there are company houses in Sydney. If you have never seen row upon row of ugly wooden shacks all alike, your soul may yet be saved. But when you have not only seen these abominations but have actually been inside about a hundred of them and talked to near starving steel workers wives, well—Dave Lewis adds another to his list of Socialist cohorts. Of course all the homes in Sydney are not shacks. There are some "pretty" structures, but nearly all of wood.

Let's get back to our magazine crew after having taken a preliminary look at the place where we were destined to remain for about a month. We finally settled in a cheap and fairly comfortable hotel, where the food was lousy and the chambermaids holdable to behold. The next morning we got out to work.

Although I had sold magazines previously my splee needed a little warming up so I was sent out with Mac, who had been working as a regular for the past four months. After the first few canvasses I began to remember some of the tricks I had been taught, as to the manner of collecting money from unwilling and unsuspecting victims.

First of all, it is imperative that you let your victim know that you are a poor student whose whole education, nay, your very existence depends upon your subscription. But she is told that it is a subscription which you are seeking. As a matter of fact she must be kept in blissful ignorance of that little point. You are ostensibly advertising the Good Housekeeping Institute, and giving her the magazine free of charge.

"What, absolutely free of charge?" she asks incredulously. "Yes, madam," you are supposed to reply, your tongue in your cheek. All she is asked to do is to pay the postage on the magazines which amounts to the insignificant sum of 8 cents per week. "Oh I can easily do that even if my husband only has three shifts this week." So you get her to sign the blank and then she is caught. For she has not troubled to figure that this amounts to about four dollars per year. Sometimes she pays, sometimes she pleads (truthfully) that she has not the money. But in Cape Breton most of them at least sign the slip. On the mainland of Nova Scotia they are more wary.

Just before we left Montreal we had had a cut made of the group

Chow Dog

(Continued from Page One)

cure, the general opinion was that he was a real Chow dog. The Third Engineer extended his hand toward the cage but quickly changed his mind when the dog began whining and pressing his nose through the wires. Since we know not what his intentions were, and nobody was public-spirited enough to try to find out, we made no further attempts at friendship.

At lunch we assured the Captain he had chosen well, whereupon he began to elucidate at great length upon dogs in general and this one in particular. Furthermore, he announced he was going to call the dog Bob after Captain Bob McMaster who was well known as one of the toughest men on the Pacific Coast during the sailing ship days. However, no matter what type of personality the previous owner of the name had had, Bob certainly did not seem appropriate for our rapacious appearing animal so we of the mess decided to be ornery and carry the slight further by knowing him henceforth as Robert.

The novelty attached to having Robert abroad soon wore off and we paid him little attention but the Captain, of course, took a deep interest in him, personally supervising the nutrition supplied by Binks, the Steward, and often coming on deck in the middle of the night to prowl around and see that he was well protected from the weather.

And then one morning our easy-going, compatible existence began to grumble. The tootin was sounded by Binks, the mess boy, when he discovered Robert mauling from his cage. As we prepared to search the ship a very agitated Binks arrived from the Captain's quarters with the news that not only was Robert in the Skipper's cabin but our usually genial commander was in a raging anger.

We did not think a great deal about it that first day but when two more passed without any improvement in the Captain's temperament, although it seemed to us he was more worried than wrathful, the situation began to assume a rather mysterious aspect under the added influence of his behaviour. He came on deck at noon only long enough to take a slight and check the course after which he immediately popped back into his cabin, always carefully looking the door when he left and offered. He took all his meals in his cabin, and when on deck made it quite evident that he wished to have no words with any of us beyond those necessary for the bare management of the ship.

Naturally all this provided plenty of material for discussion at the mess table. The Mate, who had his eye on the captain, insisted that the Captain was beginning to crack under the strain of many years of responsibility; someone else thought he had been affected by bad news from home—and so on. The Chief Engineer said nothing. Binks, the only one having access to the Captain's quarters, was questioned but although he pleaded complete ignorance on the subject we were certain he knew more than he was willing to admit. Why and what he would not tell us could not be gotten from him even on promise of pecuniary gain or threat of physical damage.

During the next two weeks we became more and more irritated with the Captain's odd behaviour, principally because we could not fathom what lay behind it. The crew had sensed something wrong and were a bit uneasy; there was nothing we could do about it.

We put in at Honolulu for one day. No sooner was the ship docked than the Captain hurried ashore and we saw no more of him until he returned late in the afternoon, appearing more tired, dejected, and worried than ever before.

The nine day run to San Francisco was just a continuation of our misery and the landfall was a welcome event. As we swung at anchor in Quarantine I looked up at the Skipper alone on the bridge and wondered if we would ever have an explanation for his radical change.

Finally we steamed up the Bay to our pier. On the pier-head stood Mrs. McMaster, Binks as usual, and Helen, waving her arm, dancing up and down on her toes, and shrieking, "Did you bring him, Daddy, did you bring him?" The Captain raised his arm half heartedly in greeting and then devoted all his attention to dock-

many interesting personalities in various parts of that province, among them, Senator John Standfield of Truro and Laurie Spears of the same place, one of Nova Scotia's most notorious bootleggers. In Halifax I chanced to canvass the home and most the first business manager of the McGill Daily, and was properly elated.

But I started out to tell you why selling magazines is a racket. Increasing the circulation of magazines is a legitimate enough practice, but the means used are, I believe, bad. Firstly, because they are sold on sympathy for the hard struggling "colleagues" man who has never been nearer McGill than the Malton Stadium, secondly because too much high pressure salesmanship is used, and finally because I seriously believe that from the viewpoint of the advertisers themselves that news and circulation is much more profitable because it is not coerced from the tender of this place you may be able to gather I am not going to sell magazines next summer.

ing the ship. When the ship was tied up and the gangway lowered Helen and her mother came aboard and disappeared below where they had been preceded by father and husband.

Curiously has always been one of my weaknesses so, of course, I couldn't resist the temptation to walk by the Captain's cabin at this time. As I came down the alleyway I heard Mrs. McMaster's voice: "Protection, humph!" next the Captain's voice in protest: "But, Mother, they sent the wrong one and I couldn't find another Chow in all of Honolulu." And then when I passed the open door the mystery was solved! There stood Mrs. McMaster, arms akimbo and her face a storm cloud, Helen on her knees cooing to a six little black squirming bodies and, standing by, very proud indeed, was Robert—or rather Robert.

They Still Pan Gold

(Continued from Page One)

prospect or something? Seemed to know a little about the line or about the country or something, but then that was a natural surmise. It was flattering to have interest taken in ones activities that way, but there was no use getting talking about that. Better sound out the kid a little.

It seemed he had come from Conquillam and he had a story about a delightful conversation with the fireman at Mission when they took water; the kid was committed to pass a little coal down with a shovel that the fireman would hand him around later, up the hill. He admitted he hadn't done much riding the tender, but he claimed it was just a case of necessity and not showing off or anything. Quicker way to put it: at least an ordinary hobo wouldn't have thought of making such an apology. Probably as a matter of fact the kid was really tickled with himself for getting away with it.

If after four months of regular riding and years of casual jumps a fellow still got a slight kick out of it in spite of the realization that it should be a routine matter, then you could understand that a couple of hours of the first trip would not dull the novelty.

"You've got more guts than most fellows; usually they want a couple of pals along on their first ride. I remember what a hard time I had to get my brother on, even with me, last spring. We were going from Boston Bar down to Chilliwack on the C.N., and although it is a night run, Bob was scared to get aboard. I had to practically pack him up so, we wouldn't be left looking foolish beside the empty track. Now he rides as much as I do." That would serve a double purpose of elating the kid and showing him a little more of the experience which lay behind the apparent sang froid of his new companion.

Well, the kid wanted to know what there was to be afraid of. Not that he claimed there was no danger, but he wanted to know if it arose from possible tough fellow 'bos, or from hostility of train crews, or from the bulls, or from some other factor. It was lots of fun explaining how they often sent out general orders to pull everybody off the trains when they wanted some hold-up gang or other criminals who have blown town. How is a fellow to prove his innocence of sterner crimes when he is caught trespassing on railway property? They can always make it nasty for him on that charge even if he escapes out of a murder trial. All this was explained in a calm voice, and the kid's eyes did not expand unduly as he listened, but obviously he was interested and impressed.

They stopped at Ruby Creek, and he pulled the kid around the coal bin out of sight of the station.

A minute or two later they proceeded, and the kid was asking him how he should behave at Hope; the wait wasn't so long as it used to be, was it? Was it best to climb off and fade around a boxcar until she pulled out or to stay right aboard? He was able to explain that, yes, it was only a five-minute stop now instead of twenty, and that it was far better to stay right up on top. The chief thing the train crews disliked was moving around and making oneself conspicuous.

He explained that Lear was just a flag stop, so he intended to get off at Hope and look at the people on the platform; he knew all the regular travellers on this part of the line, and unless there was somebody in the coach for Lear there was no sense paying 40 cents and then being taken perhaps fifteen miles too far. If he went inside, the con would have to stop her for him.

"It's going to be pretty cold up on the summit tonight; you so up nearly four thousand feet, you know." The sense throwing a scare into the kid, but not much use having him mentally or physically unprepared for his trip; perhaps he had a blanket or another coat in his pack that he ought to get out while his fingers were still nimble.

"Do you think there'll be snow?" asked the kid.

"Probably not right around the track," he answered, but you'll see plenty on the nearby mountains. No use soft-peddling it since the kid had asked him straight.

Perhaps you have seen us sitting on the curb outside an employment office, and thought how very flat our noses were—and so passed on and forgot us. But the men who built a Ferguson Highway through miles of thick forest and impassable muskeg, with only axe and wheelbarrow for tools, are well worth consideration. Your railroads, your dams and powerhouses that stand so strangely alone in the northern wilderness, are our very own monuments: to all the Italians, the Swedes and Finlanders, and the Russians, who have sweated and died for Canada; who have come over, raw youths fresh from home, and

Anyway the kid was a pretty good actor if he could really regard the information and advice he had got as old stuff. They rattled across the trestle, and as they hit the east bank he swung down the ladder to the step ready to drop to the ground on the off-station side. There was lots of time to go around the train and get inconspicuously onto the platform, look the gathering over, and either enter the coach or retrace steps to the back of the tender. He gave a last look up at the kid as he dropped to the ground, and there was the son-of-a-gun grinning down and shouting, "Will you be glad to get back to college? Wished I could have seen more of U.B.C. when I was at the Coast. We have good mining courses in the East, too."

Serve a fellow right for talking too much and underestimating the perception of ones listener as well as falling to size up his other attributes. No harm done, perhaps, but a bit disconcerting to find one really didn't have the situation in hand at all. Probably the kid wasn't trying to rub it in, and took it for granted they'd both be able to go back to college.

Old Ned Regan didn't seem to be around, and this wasn't George Nelson's regular day anyway. No, nobody for Lear; have to get in on the cushions. And then a half an hour later they had laboured up the draw to the second of the eight Shakespearian stations on the line. Fifteen minutes walk along the trail and he was at his cabin and arranging his blankets. Next morning he commended his week of gravel washing. "Gold is the only thing that is any good in hard times," people said. How good? Sometimes he panned three dollars' worth of dust a day; sometimes he was lucky to get a dollar's worth. Almost wages. Most people didn't know that there was about as much place mining in B.C. in 1930 as in 1882 at the height of the Cariboo rush; and if they had known they wouldn't have cared.

With his pouch in his jacket pocket, he went up to the station on Friday afternoon. Only once in a while did he ride the tender down, only if she wasn't too crowded already, and never when Payroll Bill was on as conductor.

It turned out that all the occupants of the smoking room were strangers of the usual insular sort, who seemed interested chiefly in the sordid details of a Calgary murder case and the old days at John Brown's on Olydebank. The casual meeting of two former Scottish shipwrights may be a big thing in their lives, but other people had such important thoughts as the anticipation of a weekend at home in Agassiz to occupy them.

Somebody had left a newspaper on the seat, and the man who had come in at Lear picked it up listlessly. Two days old, of course. Presently he spotted an item under a Penitentiary date-line:

"Two men were fatally injured and five of the crew passengers and members of the crew were seriously injured in a serious condition in the hospital here as a result of the wreck of the K.V. Express at Long Trestle, 47 miles east of here on Monday morning, John Bredburn, the fireman of the locomotive, lived only a few minutes after he was extracted from the overturned engine. The other dead man was not identified, but was said by railway officials to be a trespasser. In the pockets of the overalls which covered his mutilated body was found a pass which read from Vancouver to an eastern point and was read over the line on which the wreck occurred. An effort is being made to trace the dwarf, who may provide a clue as to how he lost the pass." An indefinite description of the body and details of these injured followed.

When you came right down to it the evidence was as nothing, but to the reader there was little doubt that it was the kid. It was the same train they had been on, and the stuff about the pass explained a few things. Of course it had not been stolen; the kid thought he was a wise guy, that he could sample the supposedly romantic but really commonplace lot of the bum for just as long as it was safe or interesting. Get thrown off or meet some rough hoboes, and all you had to do was climb inside and laugh at the con as you showed him your pass. It would have carried a lot of weight in extricating a fellow from any of the perils he had mentioned to the kid, but weeks were something else again. They were different, all right.

Within two hours he was home with the wife. It would be a happy weekend, of course; weekends at home were always like that. Nearly always

BOHUNK CAMP

I was dragged to Father Clement's home. In a room, a ghastly room, were Betty and Conroy, each encircled with binding ropes. Ghastly indeed it was. Bright was the candle-light, and in its rays gleamed an hundred instruments, appurtenances of the devil, intermeddled and rows of fluids bottled. 'Twas fit for an ante room of Hell.

There stood Father Clement, his dis-torted face convulsing. "Thou art come," said he, "Thou art here little child! Loopten her bonds here and that black drew Betty to that table, whereon stood the children of his errant brain.

Desperately we struggled, but well-tied were the knots. A rope, I saw, bound Conroy's neck to the wall, his rough cells tore his flesh as he strained to aid his love. In vain, when Satan has his day.

The priest's foul hands tore at the clothes of that sweet girl, ript till her slim white waist was bare. How I suffered the pangs of death to see such sacrilege—to see his gnarled, ghastly fingers—were thou sleeping, then?

"Thou art in good health," said Father Clement, "and thy blood is good. We shall not be selfish—no, we shall transfuse some to my slave, Approach."

While I watched, while Conroy watched, while we, who loved her, watched, the fiend opened a vein in her fair round arm; opened a vein in the poisonous flesh of that negro, and joined them with a tube. A tube as a witch might fashion in her cunning. Another object screwed he to the tube, another means to work his evil will.

"Fast will flow her blood," he cried, "hold, my friend! He pumped, pumped.

Then that savage grabbed her, held her to his sweaty breast, pressed her white flesh against his own, fouled her with his filthy stench, while the blood, TIER blood, coursed through that tube, Conroy and I saw it course. Yes thou wert sleeping.

Her fair body sagged in that evil grasp. Father Clement smiled. "Nay, nay" he quoth, "that way thou dost not suffer". He held to her nostrils a mixture, one of his diabolical concoctions. Swiftly she came to her senses, to see, feel, and suffer again.

For Eternity, Conroy and I who loved her, saw her there, her fine neck against his broad nostrils, her red lips against his almy mouth, her delicate breasts against his filthy chest—while his obscene body crushed her lovely beauty, while her blood flowed into those coarse black veins.

Her once ruby lips were pale, her tinted cheeks were white. Life flowed through that hellish tube; the beauty I had watched mature fled as that damned brute held her. No herb could make her live for long. She died. We saw her die.

With a grin of lust the black leopold Conroy, but he felt. His neck was severed by that rope—all too well had the priest foreseen those struggles. There lay all I loved, the blood of the one stained the floor; the blood of the other in that animal body. As I dashed madly, madly, from the house of death, I heard the evil voice, "Perhaps 'twould be better had you died, young concomb."

God knows it would have been better. Little children, and several of us strike up in accompaniment. Slim swings one foot in time to the music. His eyes are fixed dreamily on a long trough of far-paper hanging from the roof-beams, destined to carry a drip from above his head onto the next man's bunk. Nix and I sit together; he is to stay for another month; so we must each find another partner. We feel that they are slipping away, but we can only talk complacently.

Another scene. It is Spring, and I have stumbled through the miles of muskeg to the War Dam, to visit the others out there: George, and Big Steve and Black Pete, that I have not seen for two months. I travel along a series of broken ridges, paralleling the flooded winter road. The air is thick with black flies; only my hemlock-fan beating the air keeps them from settling in clouds. Night has almost fallen, and the trees loom darkly about me as I slosh alone.

The road takes a sharp turn downhill to the right, and a clearing opens ahead, with a stack of poles on one side. Above is a high trestle of open-work, and on it a gang of men lining track. A swarm of "fles" hovers over them. They wear caps, and each has a handkerchief about his head with only room left to see out. I walk on to the tent, where the cook is trying a few grammophone records that the Indians have brought, and soon the men from the trestle begin to straggle in. There are hard handshakes, a voluble stream of gossip; everyone speaking at the same moment. Half an hour later I am on my way back again. George Javorki says me to the edge of the clearing, he fills our pipes, and he gives me a red cotton handkerchief to keep off the flies on my way home. It is the last time we are ever to see one another.

Two more months have passed, and it is my last day in camp. I am to go out with tomorrow's contingent. The men to leave are in the bunkhouse, collecting a few possessions; discarding nearly everything for we cannot afford to travel heavy. And we are thinking of the next day, and of the days after, when we shall wander in strange cities, among people who hate us and cannot speak our language. Now we are among tried friends, who have lived and worked beside us; next week we will be far away, and homeless.

Slim, the tempter, lies in his bunk in the corner, and sings to himself in a low voice. It is a song of our own Country, with its broad horizons: of the Dniester, foaming and swirling over its stones. We have known the tune since we were

Father Clement

(Continued from Page One)

I was dragged to Father Clement's home. In a room, a ghastly room, were Betty and Conroy, each encircled with binding ropes. Ghastly indeed it was. Bright was the candle-light, and in its rays gleamed an hundred instruments, appurtenances of the devil, intermeddled and rows of fluids bottled. 'Twas fit for an ante room of Hell.

There stood Father Clement, his dis-torted face convulsing. "Thou art come," said he, "Thou art here little child! Loopten her bonds here and that black drew Betty to that table, whereon stood the children of his errant brain.

Desperately we struggled, but well-tied were the knots. A rope, I saw, bound Conroy's neck to the wall, his rough cells tore his flesh as he strained to aid his love. In vain, when Satan has his day.

The priest's foul hands tore at the clothes of that sweet girl, ript till her slim white waist was bare. How I suffered the pangs of death to see such sacrilege—to see his gnarled, ghastly fingers—were thou sleeping, then?

"Thou art in good health," said Father Clement, "and thy blood is good. We shall not be selfish—no, we shall transfuse some to my slave, Approach."

While I watched, while Conroy watched, while we, who loved her, watched, the fiend opened a vein in her fair round arm; opened a vein in the poisonous flesh of that negro, and joined them with a tube. A tube as a witch might fashion in her cunning. Another object screwed he to the tube, another means to work his evil will.

"Fast will flow her blood," he cried, "hold, my friend! He pumped, pumped.

Then that savage grabbed her, held her to his sweaty breast, pressed her white flesh against his own, fouled her with his filthy stench, while the blood, TIER blood, coursed through that tube, Conroy and I saw it course. Yes thou wert sleeping.

Her fair body sagged in that evil grasp. Father Clement smiled. "Nay, nay" he quoth, "that way thou dost not suffer". He held to her nostrils a mixture, one of his diabolical concoctions. Swiftly she came to her senses, to see, feel, and suffer again.

For Eternity, Conroy and I who loved her, saw her there, her fine neck against his broad nostrils, her red lips against his almy mouth, her delicate breasts against his filthy chest—while his obscene body crushed her lovely beauty, while her blood flowed into those coarse black veins.

Her once ruby lips were pale, her tinted cheeks were white. Life flowed through that hellish tube; the beauty I had watched mature fled as that damned brute held her. No herb could make her live for long. She died. We saw her die.

With a grin of lust the black leopold Conroy, but he felt. His neck was severed by that rope—all too well had the priest foreseen those struggles. There lay all I loved, the blood of the one stained the floor; the blood of the other in that animal body. As I dashed madly, madly, from the house of death, I heard the evil voice, "Perhaps 'twould be better had you died, young concomb."

God knows it would have been better. Little children, and several of us strike up in accompaniment. Slim swings one foot in time to the music. His eyes are fixed dreamily on a long trough of far-paper hanging from the roof-beams, destined to carry a drip from above his head onto the next man's bunk. Nix and I sit together; he is to stay for another month; so we must each find another partner. We feel that they are slipping away, but we can only talk complacently.

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THE MANIAC

Is Teddy Dreiser Really Santa Claus?

By Ramsbottom Horsley

The origin of Santa Claus has always remained shrouded in mystery. But the old body-snatcher is a wise guy all right all right. "Chop early and avoid the shrouds," he cautions his apprentices, and thus he obtains fresh stiffs and then pawns the soup and fish at old Tux Murgatroyd's ball-bearing hock-shop. "Three chairs for Santa Claus," is Tux's motto, and when Lord Chesterfield snaps back "We only got a Davenport for the red-faced codger," Murgatroyd hurls the cuspidor at his upper plate and yelps "Well, I should make a horse-leather mattress out of Mahatma Gandhi's beard. Have a look at the shoul-log and see how many graves he opened lately." But this has no relation to the mattress in hand, as the Eskimo said to the hen that lost her feathers, in the Great War when so many brave men were demonstrating their pluck. It is estimated that if all the brave men in the Great War were laid end to end, it would have been a great war.

The truth is that Santa Claus is only a myth. "Oh, but I'm sure he's a militer," pipes up Mary Christmas. "Begorra, an how do you know that?" asks the gentle reader. "Oh, he just told me once intercourse of a conversation," sez Mary, and the reader goes home to stay with his wife that Xmas Eve.

At home, the children wait breathless for the jolly visitor; one holds a custard pie; another holds the nursemaid's hand; another, the housemaid's knee; a fourth, the writer's cramp; the older ones kiss the nursemaid; papa enters unexpectedly; the children start back; papa glares at the nursemaid; "I told you not to kiss with your mouth open!" he roars. The nursemaid starts to sob; her corset falls off. At this point the wife enters, followed by the chauffeur in cars; "No, John," she tells him. "You bore me horribly; tonight I will stay with my husband's side." But the husband goes into a fit of laughter, because he has no sides; he weighs five hundred pounds and believes in vegetarian parallelism, so that he eats only at infinity. This is the scene which is repeated in thousands of homes, and asylums every Xmas Eve.

There is a little tale which most of you have read, though it also comes in the blue binding. It is about a speakeasy proprietor, and is by genial Hall and Jound Knight. It concerns mainly A squared and B squared, and how they go back to the station house and tell the captain that they have been squared, and ask him to call the raid off. The real names of these rollicking constables is not divulged, for obvious reasons. But I must say in all fairness that Constable Divulged himself is no slouch. He is the one who approached Santa Claus one wintry afternoon and dropped a nickel in the iron pot and asked him if they was any good-looking dames in the Salvation Army. "Grmm!" snorted Santa. "Thank!" acknowledged the constable, and dashed off to Army headquarters. "Where's Miss Grmm?" he queried. "Probably humming along St. Catherine Street," replied the General. The Constable found her, and they middle-aisled it; and that is the true story of the Grmm-Divulged romance, no matter what the tabloids say.

Santa's adventures in the department stores are still retailed by adventurous shop-girls at the notion counter. It seems the bay-windowed old devil took a notion to get fresh with one of the salesbroads, but when he came to counter, he found that there was two of her. This mathematical discrepancy led him to think she was double-crossing him, so he explained it by formulating the theory of relativity. The theory was proved when a large number of her relatives, led by a sub-machine gun and tear-gas bombs, raided his apartment on West Fifty-Ninth Street. In the bathroom was found a veritable arsenal. Santa himself was taking a bath, when the simple peasant girl entered and plunged a Charlotte Russe into his heart, crying "Down with the Revolution! The turning point has come!" She was gilded the next day, crying "Auto Strop!" to the last. Charlotte Russe was a woman of unparalleled beauty, and it is said that she once took a bath herself.

Where Santa Claus came from originally is unknown. A bearded woman of that name was arrested in Louisville, Ga., in 1910, and admitted that she filled stockings on Christmas Eve. "Ga, ga," she affirmed, "Louisville testify that it is true." Louis, the India-rubber man, testified that yeah, his patootie drove him ga-ga, and yeah, she could fill any stockings any time, look at her legs. The judge looked at her legs and was dragged from the court by an angry mob, limp and unconscious. Garfinkle of Harvard, however, points out (Jnl. Xmas Expenditure, 1911), that an unconscious mob could not carry anybody out, and therefore the whole story is just a red herring with dill pickles and sauerkraut thrown on Pop Xmas reputation. Garfinkle was later awarded the Palooka Prize for literacy, but this was revoked when it was found that Garfinkle is really a German word meaning "a cabbage in the pay of the sauerkraut trust." Dr. Littlecabbage, of Omsk, Tabasco, Worcestershire, says: "Sauerkraut contains vitamins, and is swell for the guts." "Fill your belly!" recommends an eminent dermatologist. "It fills okay!" replies H. M. Stomachrubber, of Scranton. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the janitor," says S. Claus of Penn. "The pen is mightier than the sword-swallower," says Mr. S. W. Oliver, of Sing-Sing, formerly of the

vaudeville team of Sword-swallower and Washub. "Nerts!" says G. Reader, of Bologna, Ore. "Bologna ore what?" asks Mr. Oil-Heat Skeptic. So we immersed him in a bottle of antiseptic, & wish you all a very merry banana-oil. Moooo!

A DUO OF DITHYRAMBIC DIRGES

The poetical lute shews several rifts. When the rimester considers the purchase of gifts For Xmas. How dreads he the holiday come! The depression makes money as Titus Adrum

Though some of our friends will contrive to look pleasant

Receiving a post-card instead of a present Too well do we know it will influence some To consider the writer as Titus Adrum.

But let us forget them! In feasting and mirth We'll banish the last lingering sorrows of earth And retire Christmas Night, the poetical stomach being inflated as Titus Adrum.

—TITUS mcADRUm

II

Brightly lit houses in weather snow-murky— Cranberry sauce to garnish the turkey— Each red crinkled cracker concealing a whistle— Tow

Coloured wavy-berries of slyly hid mistletoe— Chains at the ceiling and wreaths at the door— Several children grouped round on the floor— Cousins and great-aunts in comical hats— Echoes of laughter from neighbouring flats— Raisins nut condiments biscuits and candy Placed on the buffet where they'll be handy— Round games inducing hilarious laughter—hearth Glowing indulgence—no fear of the aftermath— Kissing in corners convenient with gloom— That is a picture of Christmas at Home!

—TITUS ADRUm

New York Notes

(Special to McGill Daily by Resident Staff Correspondent)

New York City.

CHRISTMAS?

And they call this Christmas. . . Yet there is not one flake of snow on the ground to convince the New Yorker that this is the season for exchanging gaudy neckties and gargling "bottled cheer." Only the bareness of the trees and the bleakness of the atmosphere keep him from mistaking the season for late summer or early spring.

True, there are certain insistent, but almost pitiful reminders of the impending holiday. One is the forlorn group of men and women—the men in bulky overcoats and the women in long red cloaks—those gallant warriors of the Salvation Army, who irritate weak nerves with the continual jingling of their bells: "Keep the kettle boiling." Something more in keeping with the weather seems appropriate, say, models of electric refrigerators, with the slogan, "We need a cool \$1,000,000,000 to put over our work," or something of that sort. . .

Another reminder is the group of florid-faced bluecoats, who are faithfully carrying out Police Commissioner Mulrooney's orders about dress, issued during the cold spell a few weeks back. And so they are forced to wear heavy overcoats and white woolen gloves, even if New York should suddenly acquire a tropical climate in mid-winter.

But the department stores, more than any others, make it a point to keep the New Yorker in mind of the season. Some of their slogans:

"The gay gift way . . . where Christmas Cheer costs less this year."

"Make every nickel count this Christmas."

"It's a Zilch and Bilk year for gifts."

All this may be very well, but when the snow falls, no amount of ballyhoo about the rousing holiday spirit emanating from professional barkers can make the scene seem a whit realistic or inspiring. . .

PURGING BARNARD STUDENTS

Just a week or so ago the Student Council of Barnard (the women's college affiliated with Columbia University) issued "Two Important Undergraduate Rulings" to all students, one of which read in part:

"It is requested that students do not smoke on Broadway."

Let's see now, there was a little argument on this point a few weeks back between a young lady who signed herself "Ex-Barnard" and this correspondent, wasn't there? To quote Ex-Barnard's first letter:

"They (Barnard students) smoke, it is true, but not in public and certainly not on Broadway. . ."

Seems to be some misunderstanding here. . . Why would the authorities try to stop a practice if such does not exist? It looks, to use a Heywood Brown phrase, as if "some campus ox had been gored."

Also of interest in this connection is the statement made not so long ago by Dr. Emmons Rogers, Professor of English at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and duly reported by the Associated Press:

"The college girl is inclined to be sloppy—the more educated she is, the sloppier she usually is."

To quote again from Ex-Barnard:

"Barnard is a separate women's college rank-

ing as one of the seven leading women's colleges in United States."

Well educated, these Barnard girls. . .

McGILL BOXER

The New York Evening Post in its gravure section last Saturday carried an Associated Press photo of Bert Light, McGill boxing coach, sparring with Fernando Rubio. The caption explained the significance: "Son of Mexican President Prepares for Further Tussles". Our friend Everett F. Crutchlow's "mug" was also included in the picture, and he was designated as "E. F. Crutchley refereeing".

"The boy has a real punch", was the exclusive information wrung from Bert Light by the enterprising AP correspondent.

THAT DEPRESSION

Times are so hard, remarked Walter Winchell, famed New York Daily Mirror correspondent, early this fall, that instead of the people feeding the birds in the parks, the birds are feeding the people. . . And if my memory does not fail, it was Eddie Cantor who said that the night club business is in such straits that the gigolos are dancing with each other. . .

One indication of this has been the price-slashing campaign going on in New York in the last few months. Some indications:

The famous fresh fruit drinks (orange and pineapple) have dropped from 10c to 5c (alleged to be the same glass and the same quality drink).

The two foremost chocolate bar manufacturers have enlarged their 5c bars to almost the 10c size, and still sell them for 5c.

The bargain clothing stores in the region of Times Square have cut their prices unmercifully: shirts 50c and 35c, pajamas (alleged flannelette) 35c and 75c, ties 25c (some two for 25c), socks 35c and 25c. . .

Eating houses have not been far behind; to boost business, one cafeteria chain dispensed the popular combination "hamsanwich cuppacoffee" at 10c all paid, for a few weeks; luncheon specials have dropped from 50c and 45c to 35, 30 and sometimes even 20c. But there is a noticeable method practised of spreading the food more thinly and dexterously on the plate; also, the counter men show a tendency to forget that a glass of milk should be fuller than one inch from the top.

The depression, it seems, is still around the corner. . .

April

Again it rains!
The leaden skies look dull and gray,
The pattering drops bombard all day
The window-panes

And now it pours!
We change our plans, and say bad words,
We think of indices and surds
Instead of stores.

It sprinkles still!
Our hope flares up, and then it drops.
While first it rains, and then it stops.
Then what a thrill!

The sun comes out!
We don our Sunday hat and gown
While yet the water trickles down
The water-spout.

Mary E. Westbrook.

Nativity

Who was the Christ? I laughed and said:
"A figure frail and bleeding
With thorns pressed round about the head,
That thanged upon a rough-hewn cross—
Between two brigands—limp and dead."

You smiled on me. That simple grace,
Made something fine and lovely
Stir in my soul's dark resting place—
A quiet, sweet sense of hope and faith—
For I saw Christ born in your face.

—M. M. Macfarlane

A university physics laboratory has announced that it has perfected a simple and inexpensive method of building generators capable of developing 15 to 20 million volts which experts believe finally opens the way to the realization of the age-old dream of the transmutation of elements. The new generator when built, is expected to furnish science with a new tool with which to carry on its attempt to smash the atom.

Dr. Walter James, geologist in a Southern university, states that the women of today are in many ways the same as those of ten thousand years ago. Of six hundred skeletons he recently dug up in Alabama, all of the women had their mouths open. The men's mouths were shut.

Ohio State university is spending approximately \$1,600,000 for new campus buildings and improvements. Among the additions are a new physical education building, a natatorium and a new university high school building.

Lehigh university has a campus police force but it is said to get little support from the students. If it were not for their task of protecting the university buildings from outsiders they would be practically out of a job.

IMPRESSIONS OF A STRANGER

At The University of Yibill

By Adolphos

The University of Yibill is an imposing sight to a stranger such as I. It consists of about a dozen buildings grouped about a small campus. In the fall, the road running through the centre of the grounds is bordered with imposing elms and oaks, full in their leafy development; but later on in the year they assume a cold, impersonal appearance, for winter lays its icy hand upon its arboreal splendour.

The library, a beautiful building, is situated on one side of the campus and is an excellent place to spend a few hours in edifying conversation with an associate or two. In order to be up on the latest campus news and developments, a student must spend some of his time in the library and listen to or take part in the little chats which make a visit to this building worth while. These conversations also help those unfortunate who are doing some boring book work, for it relieves the monotony of the printed word.

There is a rumour current in the university that the library has a wonderful collection of books, but as I have never investigated this story (I have only been at the university a short time—about two years), I put it down to the fabrication of a mind inclined towards exaggeration.

The Arts and Science Building (the pride of the university) is situated in the middle of the grounds. It is the resort of the greater number of students who come to the university to "get an education." The curriculum is divided up into a number of departments each of which takes upon itself to deliver lectures and courses upon a certain division of human knowledge. Every one of these sections of human knowledge has one or more professors, depending upon its popularity (that is, the one which offers the more "snap" courses), to discontinue at length upon the topic assigned to them. These professors lecture to their classes three times a week and are usually very interesting personalities who try hard to teach students the elements of their courses with such good results that at least half of every class fails to pass the examinations.

The main benefit, however, to be obtained from attendance in the Arts course in the excellent opportunity for social contacts, dances and teas being included. Occasionally some, in order to demonstrate to the public that they are bona-fide students of the university, will attend an athletic contest. In addition to the above-mentioned reason, many attend in order to get a sore throat or to be pushed into more social contacts, usually very close ones, which are powerful attractions.

Others, the great minority I must admit, attend the university in order to devote themselves to athletics and become football or hockey players as the case may be. These specialists, if I may call them so, usually take the hardest courses so that they will have to do less work and not let their courses interfere with their athletic activities. These "students" are usually treated with scant consideration by their fellows who only consider them very low in the social scale—something comparable to demi-gods. The Yibill Daily, an amusing publication, usually does its best to keep these students in their place by publishing their pictures every day, or more frequently.

In considering the class of students at this university, I must mention one or two (I think there are two) misguided individuals who spend some of their time studying. This is regarded as a serious crime here and rightly so. For, if one wants to study, why go to university? It can be done so much better at home. These scholars are greatly admired by all the other students and are given, in my humble opinion, too much credit. They should be at home, a nursing one, not at a world-renowned university (Yibill has been heard of in England).

During the course of the year several students are awarded scholarships tenable at other universities. These are given so as to allow a student the opportunity of making social contacts at other universities free of charge. The recipients are selected on the basis of their letter-writing. For each holder of such a scholarship must write to the Yibill Daily giving a report of the conditions at this other university. Hence, the man who writes the best letter in advance receives the much coveted scholarship.

There is also a society known as the Debating Union here. It meets every once in a while to give three or four well-known speakers a chance to expound their views. These gatherings are very well attended for this is a noble cause—helping three or four excellent speakers to improve themselves. Truly, I do not know what the university would do without it.

In closing, I must report that there are several other faculties—Law, Medicine and Engineering—but these really do not count for they are vocational faculties and too utilitarian to be considered as a real part of the university. The

students of these faculties either spend too many hours at their work or study too much.

Yibill is a typical example, though perhaps better than the rest of the universities found on this continent. When we regard this, it must be with satisfaction, for after such an exposition we can be sure that the cause of "higher education" is safe on this continent—for maybe ten years.

Correspondence

(continued from page two)

Not that it was not a good one; but well-known attracts, while the little known usually repulses. The attitude of mind of "Musculus" is shown by the fact that to him, the one noteworthy fact about the programme was that the "Unfinished Symphony" was "popularized by Sigmund Romberg's version of one of the first movement themes." (I question this statement tentatively, as in an advertisement for "Lilac Time" I have the words, "a play with music from Franz Schubert arranged by Heinrich Dorte and G. H. Clutsum." However this may be incorrect.) Perhaps "Musculus" would like to know that the "poor fools" who clapped, were not clapping Mr. Clark's words but the cause which prompted him to speak—The Orchestra.

I am acting on the assumption that one and the same "Musculus" criticized both concerts, if so he may plead fatigue for his short-comings. I hardly think that two such mentalities could have descended on the "Daily" on the same day, however—

With apologies for this outburst, which is prompted not by desire to be either "modern" or merely bad tempered, but in order that the "Daily" may be protected from its worst enemy—Itself.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

F. E. STEPHENS

"Green Critic"

To The Editor,

McGill Daily,

Dear Sir:

I regret to see in Tuesday's Daily such a poor criticism of the excellent performance now playing at His Majesty's Theatre. The only conclusion I can draw is that it must have been written by a very green critic who so far has seen little, if any, good acting and can therefore hardly be capable of giving an opinion. It is well known that Lady George Cholmondeley's company consist of noted London artists who have many times taken leading parts in the best London theatres. I am, Sir, etc.

Theatregoer.

Free Speech?

The Editor,

McGill Daily.

Dear Sir:

It was very gratifying to read your editorial in Monday's Daily headed "This Age of Liberty." Alas, the true age of liberty is not here yet.

In connection with this topic I would like to mention a few actual facts confronting us at present. For some time past, due to numerous requests, the McGill Library has been receiving an illustrated monthly named "USSR in Construction." This magazine shows in pictures some of the phases of the new life which is being built in Russia, and many students found it interesting to peruse. Recently new issues have stopped arriving, and now all the old copies have been removed from their usual place on the shelves of the periodicals room. On seeking a cause for this one can find the explanation by referring to the December issue of the Canadian Forum. Under the heading of "Clamping Down the Lid" (if I remember correctly) the editorial articles say that several magazines, among them "The New Masses" and "USSR in Construction" are being excluded by the postal authorities. The subscribers to the above magazines have been threatened with prosecution if they do not cancel their subscriptions.

This is one instance of suppression of free speech and democratic rights of criticism. Another is the conviction of the communist leaders in Toronto for nothing more than the exercise of Section 98 of the Criminal Code, which has been enforced for the first time against labour leaders in the above-mentioned Toronto case.

It is noteworthy that this section of the Criminal Code was first formulated as in Order-in-Council during the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919. Moreover measures providing for the repeal of Section 98 have been repeatedly enacted by the House of Commons of Canada, but were vetoed by the Senate.

Toronto students have voted for the repeal of this section. It ought not to be unworthy of the notice of McGill Students.

Thanking you for your valuable space,

A. G. Grad.

THE CUTE AGE

Chicago twin girls, eight months old, are suing their grandfather for \$150,000. Under present systems of education childhood is too short.

KNIT WIT

A newspaper photograph shows a movie star starting to knit a sweater for the unemployed. But who needs a sweater in July?

SEWING WILD OATS

"What?" asks a visitor to New York, "is needle work?" "Well, you take a drink and they find you in a haystack."

Business With Pleasure

By Philibert

The bachelor prof gives sound advice To the young one under his care: "My boy, be wise and listen to me, Go seek you a typist fair.

"Give her a ring, if a ring she'll have, And ask her if she'll have you; Promise her anything, even yourself, And get her to say she'll be true.

"Now at this stage, pray notice my point, Tell her there's work to be done; That if she wants you and your salary too And a life everlasting of fun,

"She must back you up, must stand by your side, Must be a real helpmate; Must take the thick, the thin, and the lean, Must bear with you your fate.

"And then when you've got her all proper worked up To a frenzy of love and ambition, Produce that thesis, the tiresome work, That should by now be written.

"Point out the cost of typing books, The way that you have slaved To gather the money to feather the nest That you and she have craved.

"And then, my boy, else I miss my guess And know not female ways, She'll throw pretty arms around your neck And swear that the rest of her days

"Will be spent in helping you up the steps Of the long, long ladder of life; That she'll stay by your side to push you ahead, An ever obedient wife.

"She will offer to type that horrid thing, Swear a labour of love it will be, Since you are the only man for her— And she is the woman for thee."

A bachelor prof is always right, As the young one knew full well; So he opened his heart and told the truth, For bachelor profs don't tell.

"You've been a good scout and a friend in need, In the time that I've been here; So I'll look for a lass to type my work, And have her before the New Year."

Now a passion for blondes is a serious thing To a young man making his way; For theses and blondes don't mix at all When the blonde moves in to stay.

The young man left his dusty books, His thesis lay neglected; His mind was all a whirl of glad, From thoughts of work deflected.

When the lights are dim and the music soft, He holds her close and whispers Such nonsense as a young man will To all girls save his sisters.

He tells her that her eyes are blue, Are pools of liquid fire; To be with her forever this is now his one desire.

He raves forever in the vein That others used before; Of dainty fingers, hair of gold, Of happiness in store.

The bachelor prof looked stern and cold, The young man undismayed, "Young man, this nonsense must stop now Or your degree will fade.

"All that fine work that you should do To make your name well known Must now be done and done by you, And done by you alone.

"The pretty blonde must wait awhile If you will ever be A Master of Arts, cum much laude From this University."

The young man works in the wee small hours, And hammers away at the keys; The blonde walks home with him after the dance, And then lets him go, if you please.

They are saving up money and saving so fast, That none can be spent in the book; So the young man types himself at night, With her beside to look.

For alas and alack, so sad to relate, Though the blonde fills every condition Of person and manner and loveliness, The young lady is not a typist.

Understanding

"You are the only man I have ever met who really understands me," she told him, with a kiss.

Aspiration

In our poor tongue there is no phrase to tell Of your surpassing charms—no uttered sound With such expressive beauty could be found. That it might speak of you, A mountain fell With melody as sweet as crystal bell, And all its golden accents, which astound Us in the secrets will that there abound, Is not quite sweet enough to praise you well.

If I might sing of you in measured phrase To grace your unsung charms, and in my heart Bring pulsing music to the endless maze Of senseless words, of which each one's a part Of mankind's common speech, — then that would seem

A song fit for the gods to sing—a perfect dream.

—John H. Cheve.

THE BLIND BEGGAR

In all the selfish crowd, there was one face I passed upon the bitter street today, One sightless, careworn, deeply wrinkled face, With anguished brow and ragged hair astray, That haunts me still; nor have I yet forgot The look of weary heartache and despair In those blind eyes, which saw, though seeing not The misty Brink, and found Death waiting there.

I could not read the troubles that had weighed Upon that lonely soul and grief-grey head, But after I had passed, would I had stayed, And taken that old hand in mine, and said One single word of cheer! It might have made His darkness twilight, and so, comforted.

National Control Of Insurance For Unemployed Urged

Heuser And Lusher Discuss
Relief In Canada At
Economics Club

CHARITY DEGRADING

Speakers Consider Public
Works Program Best
Method Possible

That the government can and should help take away the horrors of unemployment was emphasized by the two speakers at the meeting of the Political Economy Club last night. H. K. Heuser and D. W. Lusher spoke on "Unemployment Relief In Canada." The speakers discussed the various forms of unemployment relief and insurance, as they are in different countries of the world.

Heuser, the first speaker, stated that in the depression of 1921, the excise tax on timber was reduced, thus giving employment to a great number of lumbermen. This is one of the means of dealing with unemployment.

The government, in 1930, voted that a sum, not to exceed 20 millions, be used to relieve unemployment, to provide work, especially in municipal undertakings.

The plan of giving direct relief, especially in the form of private charity, was humiliating, inadequate, and uncertain, stated the speaker. Direct relief from the government is better, but even this is not as good as providing work for the unemployed labourer.

There are a great many schemes for providing Unemployment Insurance, and it was found by a committee in Great Britain in 1925, that a Public National scheme would be the best. An important point in favour of this method, as against the private scheme, which provides that the money comes from the profits of the business, is that the source of the funds must be reliable, and profits are decidedly not reliable. Thus the Government should be the one to bear the responsibility.

In discussing the forms of relief, Lusher, the second speaker, stated that in the insurance method, the rules are rigid, and the worker is supported for only a certain time. With the National relief system, he is supported for a longer time. In the latter, however, the administration expenses are much higher.

Canada, he stated, does its best to provide work, rather than giving direct relief. It undertakes municipal public works, etc. but does this at the psychological moment, when it is most needed.

Farming Discussed

Kiwanis Club Addressed By
Dr. J. C. Latimer

Speaking at the weekly dinner of the Kiwanis Club at The Windsor yesterday, Dr. J. C. Latimer of MacDonald College reviewed briefly some aspects of the agricultural situation and its relation to other industries. He stated that there was more interest in farming today than since before the war. The reasons for this are the comparative cheapness of land and the overcrowding of other professions.

Commenting on the effect of the depression on agriculture, Dr. Latimer said, "The agricultural industry is not in as bad a shape as many of the others. In fact, eleven per cent. is being realized by farmers on their investment, even with the low price of raw materials prevailing."

Junior Dragon Snoops In Crannies Of Union

Flashes of red and green were observed whirling through a mass of humanity when Dragon Jr., adjutant in chief of the "Dragon with the nine tails," entered the Union Informal in the Ballroom last night. Dragon Jr. who has a keen eye and strong olfactory sense at once projected his gaze and made note that it was Nat Levitsky dancing to Dick Sancton's music. No one, it must be stated here, knew or observed the sleuth at his work.

Dragon Jr. who is "tall" number one, at once began to observe things for himself. Excursions to the lounge, the nooks that are dark and to the room off the west-end of the Ballroom revealed many things; but Dragon Jr. is discreet....

As he looked over the dance floor, listening all the while to the scraping of feet on the floor and the soulful notes of the saxophone, Dragon Jr. was impressed by the sad look on Dick Sancton's face....

he wonders why; by the happy mood that Alec Edmison appeared to be in...perhaps it was the dancing partner he was with; he wonders why on such a cheerful occasion as a Union Informal, Edmund Collard occupied the bench deep in conversation....; and why did Johnnie Low, the chief Yank of the Dental Faculty try to show his ability as a dancer....; he is still wondering what the crowd of "stags" were guarding the doors for....and if John V. V. Nichols was one of them....; why did Glib. Craig bring along a pair of heavy fur-lined gloves....was he expecting a hot time in the old town?...; and Pauline Miner?...; and why the contented look on Doug. Hamilton's face as he danced with different partners?...and the flash-light photos in Alec Edmison's room? will they be included in the Annual?...there were many things that occupied Dragon Junior's thoughts when he left the Union just as the clock struck one-thirty.

Isotopes Explained

Snell Addresses Colloquium
On Band Spectra

Giving a resume of the origin and nature of molecular spectra, A. H. Snell addressed the Physics Colloquium last night on, "The effect of isotopes on Band Spectra." He showed the modifications produced when the molecule emitting radiations consisting of two atoms, one or both being isotopic. He outlined Kratzer's theory showing how a variation in the mass of the vibrating nuclei changes the vibrational and rotational energies of the molecule. The result indicated that for slight mass variations such as would rise in isotopic elements the spectral band heads and individual lines should be shifted in a particular way. By searching for these shifts in band spectra and measuring their magnitude the existence of isotopes may be established. Slides were shown which illustrated the displaced bands, and the speaker gave a list of elements in which the existence of isotopes have been verified in this way.

THEATRE NOTES

(Continued from Page Two)
music of its own and appreciate it it must know all music. That is the problem in America—to develop musical appreciation. That is what the artists who are here can do. Some of them are conscious of it, some oblivious. If they but knew it, their program making may determine the future of music in America."

TO...

One whose company, grace, and wit, Always fitting,
Quite unwitting,
Cause me to admire, while wondering
If earth had e'er so fair a being!
All surpassing,
Quite outclassing,
Those who think they're blessed with it.
... N'Imports.

DECEPTION

"Ice amazes Guatemala Indians," says the New York Times. Sometimes it amazes even experienced hockey players.

Sky: "I hear you and your wife had some words."
Hy: "I still have mine. I didn't get a chance to use them."
—The Old Maid.

Missionary Life Exciting In East

John R. Turnbull Recounts
Thrilling Experiences

John R. Turnbull gave a thrilling account of his travels in Arabia last night at a meeting held in Strathcona Hall. The speaker who was the first white man to traverse the north Arabian desert described his trip across the desert which he made in face of very great danger.

On several occasions he pointed out he would have been put to death by the savages had not God intervened in his behalf. The work of missionaries was discussed by him in some detail and he pointed out the dangers under which they worked emphasizing the fact that in all their travels they carry any weapons.

The large collection of colored slides which were shown by Mr. Turnbull showed the Arabian desert and Arabian horsemen. During a short intermission Mr. Turnbull dressed in Arabic clothes explaining the use of each garment and showing just how the Arabs wore them.

String Quartet Will Give Last Concert

Vocalist Member Of Conservatorium Joins Recital

Richard Harcourt Fuller, vocalist, will give a recital together with the McGill Conservatorium String Quartet Sunday night at 9:00 p.m. in Moyse Hall. This will be the last of the concerts given this year by the Faculty of Music, and will terminate the third annual series started by Dean Douglas Clarke when he was appointed director of the Conservatorium.

The program will be as follows: Quartet No. 16 (Mozart), Vocal solos, (a) The Owl is Abroad (Percell) (b) Now Pheobus Slinketh in the West (Arne) (c) Rosebud go thou not Asowing (Eggesy-Kor-bay) (d) Flocca la neve (Climara). Quatuor. (Ravel).

Mr. Fuller is a member of the Conservatorium staff, having been appointed to that position last year. He will be accompanied by Mr. Clarke. The members of the quartet are Maurice Oudet, first violin, L. Scotte, second violin, Harry Norris, viola, and Jean Belland, cello.

Actors All!

(Continued from Page One)
The Melancholy, is still pregnant with magnificent truth. All the world is indeed a stage—a stage whereon we, the actors, are constantly playing a part. Even the most unaffected and sincere of us must admit, if we carefully weigh all our words and actions that possibly the only time when we are in reality ourselves—when we may be said to escape from the role we are slated to portray is when we are absolutely alone. At most other times, we assume, as it were, the character of our "pseudo-selves," and endeavour to colour our characterizations with false lines and mimic gesticulations with the result that very often we project a personality alien to our own and composite of envied imitations and random acquisitions.

A few years ago it was the writer's most interesting privilege to spend a season in close contact with some of the leading figures of the American stage then playing Broadway and with many of the lesser-gifted and more Bohemian artists of Greenwich Village. To observe at close range such distinguished personalities as Walter Hampden, our greatest Cyrano; Ethel Barrymore, the aristocrat of drawing-room comedy; Eva Le Gallienne, the most versatile of our younger stars; Alice Brady, whom one authoritative critic has labelled "the greatest actress of her land and time"; Blanche Yurka, the cyclonic emotional star; Jane Cowl, the incomparable priestess of subtlety and sophisticated humour; Jeanne Eagels, that ill-fated mercurial helion who created theatrical precedents by standing them up on Broadway for four solid years with her smashing performance in "Rain"; Leslie Howard, the then embryonic leading man who was subsequently to come into his own in that utterly-delightful "Berkeley Square"; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne the Theatre Guild luminaries, and many other lesser lights, was indeed a most fascinating experience.

One fact impressed me above all—that off the boards as well as on, they were obviously acting a part—much more obviously no doubt than we who have not been gifted with the more decided theatrical complex may be said to do. Yet, beneath the outward veneer of artificiality, engendered as a sort of protective cloak against the curious, they were all, I believe essentially simple-hearted and human even as you and I.

Tuesday Night's Daily Staff

The next issue of the Daily will appear Wednesday morning, January sixth, 1932. As Tuesday night's staff will be in charge, all members of Louis Quinn's squad are to report at 7:30 on the evening of January fifth.

Father Christmas Visits French Club

Societe Francaise Entertained
With Song And Dance

Yesterday Santa Claus visited McGill, and warmed the hearts of some eighty people by his friendly presence. He made his appearance in the person of Professor D'Hauterville at the meeting of the Societe Francaise, which took place in R. V.C.

After a short business meeting a Christmas skit was presented, "Noel Chey Grandmere." This small play told how Grandmere in a spirit of seasonable cheer invited her young grandchildren to a Christmas party and how in return they entertained her with mirth and melody.

The first item presented for her pleasure was a song, "Voici Noel." A recitation by Sylvia Cardou was followed by a duet given by Anne Marie and Madeline Furness, "Mille Chretien." A recitation by Lilian Vissenger, "Le Noel des Oiseaux," sung by Alice Miller, a reading by Lucienne Fontaine and a dance by Margaret Mackay were among the numbers on the program.

Santa Claus shared honours for the star presentation of the evening with Mme. Furness, who gave a very amusing monologue. After a most satisfactory entertainment, the Club gave themselves over to the consumption of tea and cake.

Bram Rose To Play

Newman Club At Home In
The Mount Royal Hotel

Bram Rose and his orchestra have been selected to play at the Newman Club At Home which will be held in the Ballroom of the Mount Royal Hotel on Friday night, January 22, 1932. With the choice of this orchestra the committee in charge feel that the music will well equal the high standard set at the previous Newman dances.

In keeping with the present University policy of economy at college dances, the tickets have been priced at the attractive sum of \$5.00 per couple, a reduction of one dollar from the price of last year. These will be on sale to students immediately upon the re-opening of College in January.

Attractive decorations as well as favours will add to the enjoyment of the dancers.

Social Introduction Declared Obsolete

Arts '34 Debates To Audience
Of One

That it would be advisable to abolish all forms of social introduction was shown in the Arts '34 weekly debate in the Arts Building yesterday afternoon. M. Bower and W. D. Scott upheld the motion, "Resolved that this House Favours the Abolition of Social Introduction," and B. Lewandowski and W. Shute upheld the negative.

M. Bower, the first speaker for the affirmative, showed that the social introduction was almost passe. Although a boy is formally introduced to a girl, he does not benefit by it until he has found out about the girl for himself. The negative showed that the introduction was necessary, as it was an important factor in maintaining the standard of polite manners, and also tells in what class a person belongs; it is only the custom of introduction that saves many a person from the common pest.

In giving his decision, the judge, Edmund Collard, told the debaters not to be discouraged by the small audience of one. Abraham Lincoln practised public speaking before an audience of trees. Voice, gesture, words, and argument, he said, were the four essentials of debating; it is the duty of every orator to practise these until he becomes proficient in them.

Ten Players Entrain For States Tonight

(Continued from Page Five)
take place at Lake Placid this winter. It is not unlikely that one of the American universities will oppose the Winnipeg Falcons in the hockey finals.

Ten Players Make Trips
Besides Bobby Bell, Manager Ross Paterson and Trainer Harry Grimes will be included on the trips. Holly McHugh and Maurice Powers will both be available for goal-tending duties, while Bert McGillivray, Hugh Farquharson, Jack McGill, Nels Crutchfield, Gordie Crutchfield, Ken Farmer, Russ Ward and Tommy Robertson will complete the roster.

NOTICES

Notices must be legibly written on one side of the paper only. They must be handed in to the Daily office before eight o'clock on the night previous to publication. For sale notices not accepted.

McGILL UNIVERSITY
FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE
Special Supplemental Examinations
Special supplemental examinations will be held on Thursday, February 4th, and on Friday, February 5th, 1932.
Conditioned students of the Second,

Third and Fourth Years, who wish to avail themselves of this opportunity to remove their conditions, must notify the Dean's Office, in writing, of their intention not later than Saturday, January 16th, 1932.

The special supplemental fee of \$10.00 for each examination must be sent with the application.

Ira A. MacKay
Dean, Faculty of Arts and Science.

McGILL UNIVERSITY PHYSICAL SOCIETY MEETING

The next meeting of the Society will be held in the Main Theatre, McDonald Physics Laboratory today at five o'clock.

SPEAKER:—Dr. F. R. Terroux.
SUBJECT:—Modern Transmutation of Elements. (66)

ORCHESTRA TENDERS

Tenders are asked for an orchestra to play at the Newman Club Dance which will be held on Friday night, January 22, in the Mount Royal Hotel. Address all communications to Art Donahue, 3589 St. Famille St. (65)

LOST

Between the Arts Building and Library, Saturday morning, December 12, a parker fountain pen. Finder please leave with Bill Gentlemen, or phone Elwood 1765. (67)

A green Parker pen. Will finder please leave with Harry Grimsdale at Engineering Bldg.

A Waterman fountain pen Tuesday afternoon in R.V.C. Will finder please leave same at the Porter's office at R.V.C. or call Cal. 2414.

At MacDonald Physics Building Coat room, One black loose leaf note book, a Physics Experiment notebook. Please leave with Bill Gentlemen.

Lost, in Moyse Hall on Thursday morning, a pair of black kid gloves. Finder please give them to Bill Gentlemen in the Arts Building.

A Waterman fountain pen Tuesday afternoon in R.V.C. Will finder please leave at the Porter's office at R.V.C. or call Cal. 2414.

A Faber slide-rule in the Physics building on or about Nov. 30th. Please leave it with Harry Grimsdale if found.

Hughes Owens 10" Slide Rule. Finder please leave with Harry Grimsdale.

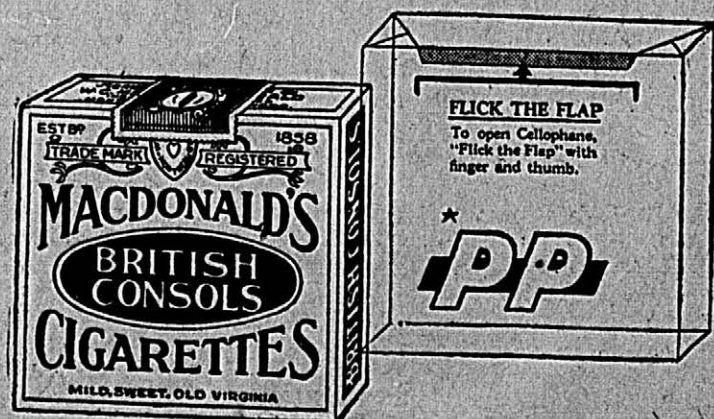
At MacDonalds Physics Building Coat-room, One black loose-leaf note book, a Physics Experiment notebook, one MacDonald Experimental Physics book. Please leave with Bill Gentlemen.

FOUND

A pair of bone-rimmed glasses. Will the owner apply to A. Carmichael, Lab. B. Chemistry and Mining Building. (68)

Bill Gentlemen has a fine assortment of fountain pens, jewelry, compasses and other items including one sorority pin. He will be glad to distribute them to their owners and would be glad if they would call before the Christmas holidays. (68)

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But one smoke's cool as Greenland's icy mountains,
Smooth and refreshing—and it's just my style,
And when the corporals chase and sergeants chivy
I just light up a Buckingham and smile, smile, smile.

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and Smile